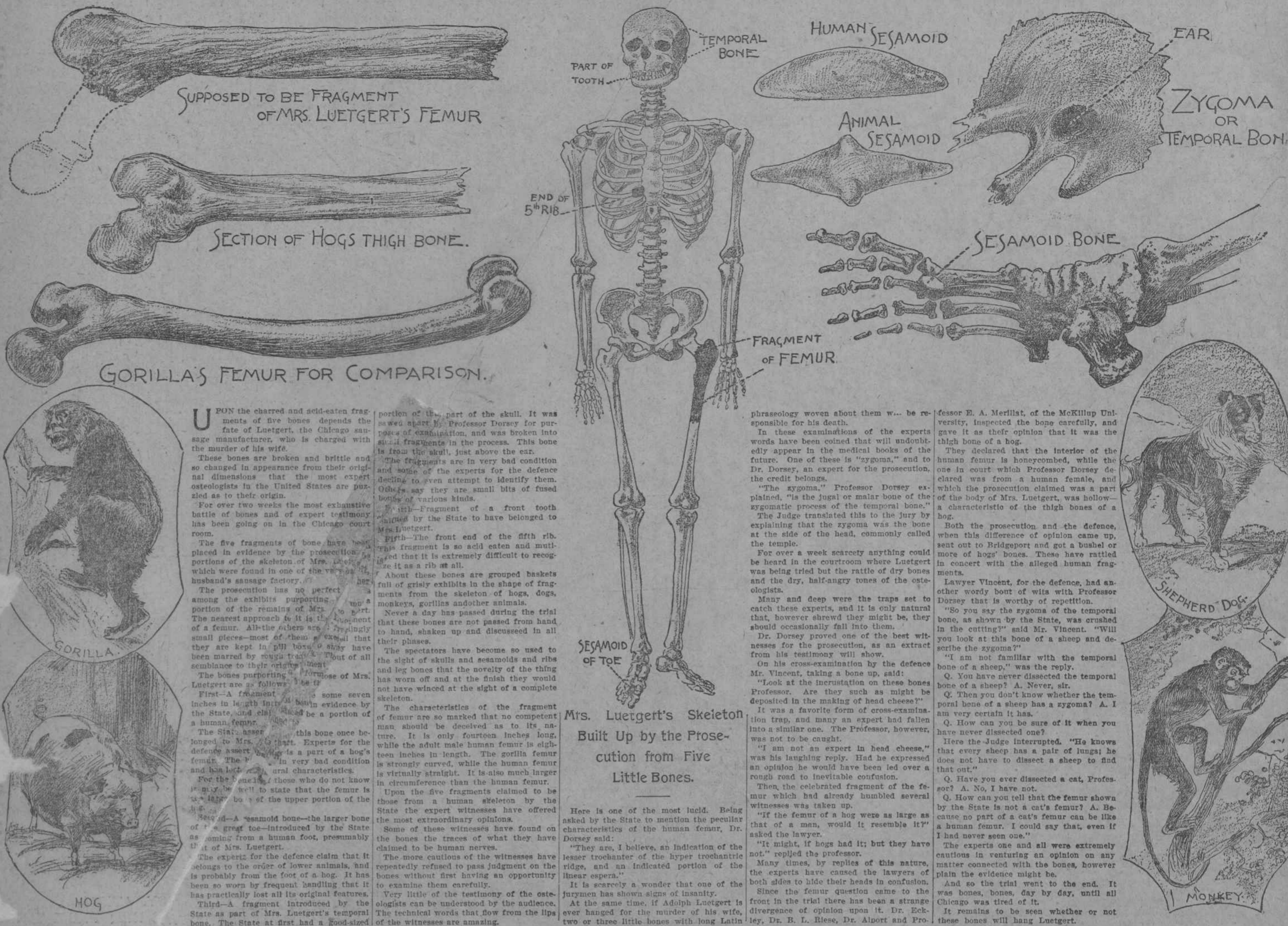


ON THESE FIVE BONES HANGS LUETGERT'S FATE



UPON the charred and self-eaten fragments of five bones depends the fate of Luetgert, the Chicago sausage manufacturer, who is charged with the murder of his wife.

These bones are broken and brittle and so changed in appearance from their original dimensions that the most expert osteologists in the United States are puzzled as to their origin.

For over two weeks the most exhaustive battle of bones and of expert testimony has been going on in the Chicago court room.

The five fragments of bone have been placed in evidence by the prosecution, portions of the skeleton of Mrs. Luetgert, which were found in one of the rooms of her husband's sausage factory.

The prosecution has no perfect portion of the remains of Mrs. Luetgert. The nearest approach to it is the fragment of a femur. All the others are tiny, small pieces—most of them so small that they are kept in pill boxes. They have been marred by rough handling. They are of all semblance to their original form.

The bones purporting to be portions of Mrs. Luetgert are as follows:

First—A fragment of a bone some seven inches in length introduced by the State as being a portion of a human femur.

The State asserts this bone once belonged to Mrs. Luetgert. Experts for the defense assert it is a part of a hog's femur. The bone is in very bad condition and has lost all its original characteristics.

For the benefit of those who do not know, it may be well to state that the femur is the large bone of the upper portion of the leg.

Second—A sesamoid bone—the larger bone of the great toe—introduced by the State as coming from a human foot, presumably that of Mrs. Luetgert.

The experts for the defense claim that it belongs to the order of lower animals, and is probably from the foot of a hog. It has been so worn by frequent handling that it has practically lost all its original features.

Third—A fragment introduced by the State as part of Mrs. Luetgert's temporal bone. The State at first had a good-sized

portion of the part of the skull. It was sawed apart by Professor Dorsey for purposes of examination, and was broken into small fragments in the process. This bone is from the skull, just above the ear.

The fragments are in very bad condition and some of the experts for the defense decline to even attempt to identify them. Others say they are small bits of fused bones of various kinds.

Fourth—Fragment of a front tooth, claimed by the State to have belonged to Mrs. Luetgert.

Fifth—The front end of the fifth rib. This fragment is so acid eaten and mutilated that it is extremely difficult to recognize it as a rib at all.

About these bones are grouped baskets full of grisly exhibits in the shape of fragments from the skeleton of hogs, dogs, monkeys, gorillas and other animals.

Never a day has passed during the trial that these bones are not passed from hand to hand, shaken up and discussed in all their phases.

The spectators have become so used to the sight of skulls and sesamoids and ribs and leg bones that the novelty of the thing has worn off and at the finish they would not have winced at the sight of a complete skeleton.

The characteristics of the fragment of femur are so marked that no competent man should be deceived as to its nature. It is only fourteen inches long, while the adult male human femur is eighteen inches in length. The gorilla femur is strongly curved, while the human femur is virtually straight. It is also much larger in circumference than the human femur.

Upon the five fragments claimed to be those from a human skeleton by the State the expert witnesses have offered the most extraordinary opinions.

Some of these witnesses have found on the bones the traces of what they have claimed to be human nerves.

The more cautious of the witnesses have repeatedly refused to pass judgment on the bones without first having an opportunity to examine them carefully.

Very little of the testimony of the osteologists can be understood by the audience. The technical words that flow from the lips of the witnesses are amazing.

phraseology woven about them will be responsible for his death.

In these examinations of the experts words have been coined that will undoubtedly appear in the medical books of the future. One of these is "zygoma," and to Dr. Dorsey, an expert for the prosecution, the credit belongs.

"The zygoma," Professor Dorsey explained, "is the jugal or malar bone of the zygomatic process of the temporal bone."

The Judge translated this to the jury by explaining that the zygoma was the bone at the side of the head, commonly called the temple.

For over a week scarcely anything could be heard in the courtroom where Luetgert was being tried but the rattle of dry bones and the dry, half-angry tones of the osteologists.

Many and deep were the traps set to catch these experts, and it is only natural that, however shrewd they might be, they should occasionally fall into them.

Dr. Dorsey proved one of the best witnesses for the prosecution, as an extract from his testimony will show.

On his cross-examination by the defense Mr. Vincent, taking a bone up, said: "Look at the incrustation on these bones Professor. Are they such as might be deposited in the making of head cheese?"

It was a favorite form of cross-examination trap, and many an expert had fallen into a similar one. The Professor, however, was not to be caught.

"I am not an expert in head cheese," was his laughing reply. Had he expressed an opinion he would have been led over a rough road to inevitable confusion.

Then, the celebrated fragment of the femur which had already humbled several witnesses was taken up.

"If the femur of a hog were as large as that of a man, would it resemble it?" asked the lawyer.

"It might, if hogs had it; but they have not," replied the professor.

Many times, by replies of this nature, the experts have caused the lawyers of both sides to hide their heads in confusion.

Since the femur question came to the front in the trial there has been a strange divergence of opinion upon it. Dr. Eckley, Dr. B. L. Reese, Dr. Alport and Pro-

fessor E. A. Merrillat, of the McKillip University, inspected the bone carefully, and gave it as their opinion that it was the thigh bone of a hog.

They declared that the interior of the human femur is honeycombed, while the one in court which Professor Dorsey declared was from a human female, and which the prosecution claimed was a part of the body of Mrs. Luetgert, was hollow—a characteristic of the thigh bones of a hog.

Both the prosecution and the defense, when this difference of opinion came up, sent out to Bridgeport and got a bushel or more of hogs' bones. These have rattled in concert with the alleged human fragments.

Lawyer Vincent, for the defense, had another wordy bout of wits with Professor Dorsey that is worthy of repetition.

"So you say the zygoma of the temporal bone, as shown by the State, was crushed in the cutting," said Mr. Vincent. "Will you look at this bone of a sheep and describe the zygoma?"

"I am not familiar with the temporal bone of a sheep," was the reply.

Q. You have never dissected the temporal bone of a sheep? A. Never, sir.

Q. Then you don't know whether the temporal bone of a sheep has a zygoma? A. I am very certain it has.

Q. How can you be sure of it when you have never dissected one?

Here the Judge interrupted. "He knows that every sheep has a pair of lungs; he does not have to dissect a sheep to find that out."

Q. Have you ever dissected a cat, Professor? A. No, I have not.

Q. How can you tell that the femur shown by the State is not a cat's femur? A. Because no part of a cat's femur can be like a human femur. I could say that, even if I had never seen one."

The experts one and all were extremely cautious in venturing an opinion on any matter connected with the bones, however plain the evidence might be.

And so the trial went to the end. It was bones, bones, day by day, until all Chicago was tired of it.

It remains to be seen whether or not these bones will hang Luetgert.

Mrs. Luetgert's Skeleton Built Up by the Prosecution from Five Little Bones.

Here is one of the most ludicrous. Being asked by the State to mention the peculiar characteristics of the human femur, Dr. Dorsey said:

"They are, I believe, an indication of the lesser trochanter of the hyper trochanteric ridge, and an indicated portion of the lesser trochanter."

It is scarcely a wonder that one of the jurymen has shown signs of insanity.

At the same time, if Adolph Luetgert is ever hanged for the murder of his wife, two or three little bones with long Latin

How GEORGE JOHNSON "Won Out" A CHARACTER SKETCH OF REAL DARKY LIFE IN NEW YORK



By PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR THE FAMOUS AMERICAN NEGRO POET AND WRITER.

OTHER men had courted Melinda Jones, courted her assiduously but, without success. They had men of parts, too; men who had money, men who had bucked the tiger successfully or ridden a horse to a winning finish—but all their wooing had been in vain. Melinda Jones was a hard-hearted, obdurate, cruel flirt.

Against her obstinacy a yellow jockey had no more power than a black tout. All were her victims.

Melinda Jones was the brown-skinned Cleopatra of the Tenderloin; No Antony had yet appeared.

Then Mistah George Johnson came on the scene. George Johnson was from Kentucky, and he was black and ugly, but he had cut his eye teeth. He was a hardy, hardly casting a glance at the crowd of hum-

ble admirers who followed her with their eyes.

"It's gwine to make dat black gal mine," hummed Mr. Johnson, and the crowd greeted his presumption with a guffaw.

"Why don't you go in an' win huh, Gawge, you say you're sich a good man, an' they aint been nobody wahm enough fur huh yet?"

"I win huh. I win huh if I sets my head to it." "Oomph, nigguh, what you spose Melinda Jones wants wif you less'n she put a red suit on you an' led you around by a string?"

"Keep on yo' stringin', ol' man, but I tell you, Mistah Gawge Johnson win dat gal if he jest put his mind down to it, an' you'll all be goin' aroun' hyeah in mou'nin'."

I take my banjo an' play in front o' huh house an' she'll jump out o' the window to me."

"Oh, I do know, you needn't think that you're the sun, just because yo' face is shinin'."

Mistah George Johnson took out a red silk pocket handkerchief, and slowly wiped the perspiration from his shiny black face. "Dat's all right," he said. "Dat's all right, jolly to yo' heart's content now, fur you'll be cryin' after while."

"It'll be at yo' fun'al then."

That night there was a long conference between Mr. Johnson and his friend, Billy Black. Billy was a popular boy. Everybody liked him, even Melinda Jones, supposedly because he didn't try to court. Well, the two talked long together,

and later on the dulcet strains of a banjo were heard under the charmer's window, and Mr. Johnson was singing a tender strain.

Melinda promptly blew out her light. This did not seem like encouragement, but the serenader went away chuckling to himself: "That's a good start, sho'."

Billy Black's form was on the belle's sofa next evening, and he was saying: "Law, Miss Lundy, you don't mean to tell me that you blowed out yo' light while he was singin'?"

"Of cose I did. I didn't want that nigguh singin' under my window. I

don't know nothin' 'bout him."

"Don't know nothin' 'bout him!" whistled Billy. "Don't you tell nobody else that—they'd set yo' down as jest plum ign'ant, that's what they would."

"Why, who is he? He aint so many, I guess."

"Aint so many! Well I reckon he's a purty good few, yo' do know who you'se a-foolin' with."

"I never seen him before."

"No, course you never, that's because he don't hang out around no sich parts o' the town as this very much. He lives up among God's people."

The lady began to show an accession of interest in the subject, and her informant went on: "Why that's Mr. Com-

poser Johnson, you'd ought to heard tell of him."

"No, I aint never heard his name. What did he ever compose, I'd like to know?"

"Why, barrels o' songs; makes 'em up right out of his

own head, po'try an' all. You jest say to him: 'Gawge, sing us a 'riginal song,' he'll jest set there an' think a minute, an' then he'll pick up that ol' banjo of his an' the way he'll sing to you 'll be a caution—an' somep'n new, too. He can make any song you want him to. Why, that man's the greatest musical genius in New York, only they're holdin' him back on account of his colah."

"I aint never heard none of his songs."

"You aint? Well, you ought to be around to the club some night when they're givin' a smoker."

"I oughtn't to be nowhere of the kind, Mistah Billy Black."

"Well, I mean there is where you'd get a chance to hear 'em."

"I guess I can get 'em in sheet music, can't I?"

Billy was stumped for a moment, but he rose to the occasion: "Naw," he said, "you can't git 'em in sheet music. Don't suppose Gawge is goin' to put out his songs that-away so's anybody could go around singin' 'em."

"If he's goin' to make any money out of them, that's what he'll have to do."

"Well, I guess he will print one, an' I bet it'll make his fortune, too. Look at the money that fellow made that wrote 'After the Ball,' an' some o' Gawge's songs is hotter'n that. He kin do them coon songs to a noyah quit, an' you know, they're all the rage now."

"You must bring your friend up some time, Mistah Black. I'm ve'y much inter-

ested in music."

"Oh, I don't think he'll come now, Miss Lundy, ef you put out the light while he was singin'."

"Mebbe he would if he thought I took him for somebody else—I do admiah yo' cuff buttons so, Mistah Black."

"Yes'm—mebbehe would come. I'll try him, anyhow."

Billy Black took his departure with a very serious face as if he were carefully weighing the chances for and against the success of the mission which Miss Melinda had given him. But the remark that fell from his lips as soon as he had left the charmer's presence belied the lugubrious expression of his face.

"Pshaw," he said, "why ol' Gawge is jest bound to win in a walk; what a lot o' human nature thah is in a col'ed woman."

About an hour afterward, perhaps by accident, Billy and Mr. Johnson happened to meet directly in front of the female's house and under her open window. Of course they could not know that she happened at that very moment to be sitting at her window in the darkness listening to the varied sounds of Thirtieth street. Among the varied sounds she heard this:

"How'd do, Mistah Johnson? I jest been talkin' 'bout you."

"How'd do, Billy? Who you been talkin' wif?"

"The lady in this house"—in a stage whisper.

"I do know what that lady could have to say about me. She aint treated me right."

"That's all right now, Mistah Johnson. I knows all about that, an' it

was a mistake. She took you for somebody else."

"Me fu' somebody else—me, Gawge Johnson? Oomph, that's wuss still. Sire mus' be ve'y—"

"Sh—sh; don't get riled now. I wish you go with me to call on her some day."

"Not on yo' life; nobody that insults me that way."

"But, I tell you, she didn't mean it for you, an' that's different."

"Yes, that is different—well, mebbe some day I'll go wif you."

They moved off down the street. Here was what the fair listener in the window above did not hear: "Well, now, look heah, Gawge, if you expect to win out in this game, you've got to push mat-tahs."

"If I make a killin' to-night, we'll do it to-morrow, an' I'll stake you fu' true, my boy."

It was evident on the morrow that George Johnson had made a killin'. He came down the street in an entirely new outfit—check suit, patent leathers, new hat and cane—he was gorgeous.

Billy Black was standing conveniently at Miss Melinda's window. "Law!" he exclaimed, "jest look at ol' Gawge Johnson, aint he wahm? I'll bet a dollar he's done sent a song away."

The dame turned her eyes upon the approaching spectacle and gasped in admiration. She stepped back from the window. "Get him to come in," she gasped.

"Hyeah Gawge," Billy hailed from the window, "you must a-been sendin' away one o' yo' songs at last."

"Yes, I sent one

words passed between the two, but there is one word in love's Summer-time vocabulary which George Johnson knew and uttered. It was—ice cream.

When Melinda passed the barber shop on the arm of her admirer, the idle crowd in wonder forgot to laugh, and they did not recover until they noticed George's new hat sweeping toward the ground in profound salute, as he passed them.

George took Billy's advice and pushed matters, and in less than ten days' time there was a wedding at the home of Widow Jones, her daughter and Mr. Johnson being the high-contracting parties. The groom's song, for some reason, did not appear, but he makes a "killin'" now and then, and the widow keeps a restaurant, so they get on. Billy Black is always welcome in the Johnson household.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.